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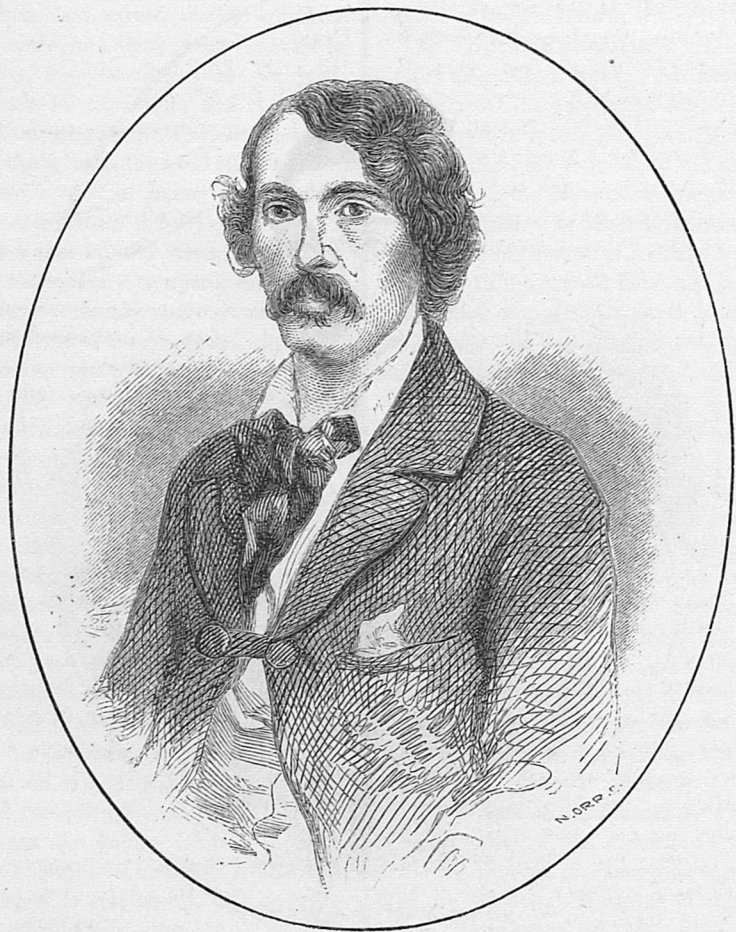
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her style, and turned aside from trains of thought more consonant to her genius. A conviction of the importance of temperance, suggested "Water Drops;" of the blessings of peace, "Olive Leaves;" "Scenes in my Native Land," portray some of the attractions of the country that she loves, and "Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands," depict the varieties of a tour in Europe, which was cheered by attentions from distinguished writers, letters from nobles, and gifts from royalty. "Those who go down to the sea in ships," find a companion in her simple "Poems for Sailors;" the forgotten red man is remembered in "Pocahontas;" the harp of comfort for mourners is hung upon the "Weeping Willow," while the young and blooming may hear her "Voice of Flowers," among the lilies of the field. Several volumes of tales and sketches, give truth and virtue the garniture of narrative, and a still larger number of a biographical character hold up to every grade and lot in life the examples of wisdom and piety. "Sayings of the Little Ones, and Poems for their Mothers," express her sympathies for the helpless stranger just entering life; and "Past Meridian," for the wearied pilgrim, trembling at the gates of the West. Since she entered the field of authorship, between fifty and sixty volumes, varying in size from the miniature to the octavo, have emanated from her pen. Some of these are now out of print, though more than half are in active circulation, and many have been republished on the other side of the Atlantic.

She still continues, with unchanging industry, her intellectual labors, amid many interruptions, and sustains, without the aid of an amanuensis, the pressure of a correspondence amounting to nearly two thousand letters annually. Her style and sentiments are always pure; and her writings, if judged by their tendencies, are blameless. It may be justly affirmed that they contain "no line which, dying, she might wish to blot." Though past the age of sixty, she enjoys with unimpaired powers that happiness of existence which sometimes brightens with time. The religion that has sustained her from youth, is without bigotry—a love of all of whatever denomination, who "fear God, and keep His commandments." Those who best know her, are convinced that from deeds of benevolence, and the interchange of the affections, she derives far higher satisfaction, than from the alluring and not untasted fountains of popular applause.



James M. Hart.

JAMES M. HART.



NEW-YORK, in Art, as in Literature and the Drama, is loth to acknowledge any position, except such as her connoisseurs and critics indicate. A "metropolitan" endorsement, her people have grown to believe, is necessary, ere the candidate for public favor can achieve any permanent place in the Pantheon of Genius. Miss Heron oscillated, like a brilliant star, from San Francisco to New-Orleans and St. Louis and Cincinnati, but the New-York press and public simply "pooh-poohed!" and said, "Wait until *we* pronounce upon her merits!" The lady instantly dared the ordeal: she came and conquered; and now reigns a bright *par-*

ticular star—not from any virtue in metropolitan criticism, or astute discrimination upon the part of the New-York Public, but simply because her "provincially" trained genius was perfectly at ease, even upon a New-York stage. Her history is that of many an actor, many an artist, many a writer, and, doubtless, will be the experience of many yet to come. Much as "the country" may dislike this centralization, it *will* prevail. The lazzaroni of Naples give position to every great singer in Europe; why should not the—the—well, the people and press of New-York, give position to every singer, and painter, and poet, and actor in America?

JAMES M. HART commenced the practice of his profession, several years since, in Albany. Success followed even upon his earliest contributions to the art of his State. Patronage was not withheld, and he was not long in attaining the means for the European trip and foreign study. In

1851 he went abroad, spending one year in Germany, chiefly at the Dusseldorf Academy, devoting himself assiduously to his art. In 1852 he remitted some of his pictures, which the Albany *Evening Journal* thus noticed: "These pictures are the first that he has sent home, and their masterly execution shows how well he has availed himself of the great advantages which he sought at that world-renowned school. While he has enjoyed the privilege of sketching among the varied scenery of the Rhine, he has also enjoyed the society and confidence of the greatest masters of Dusseldorf, and has had the benefit of their suggestions and criticisms. The pictures sent home, one of which was ordered before his departure, by Marcus T. Reynolds, Esq., while they are characterized by all that accuracy of drawing for which his pictures have ever been distinguished, still show a wonderful increase of his ability to see and portray the poetry of nature. His friends, although they expected much, were taken entirely by surprise at his extraordinary advancement; and some of our ablest artists already rank him among the best American landscape painters."

Mr. Hart returned to Albany in 1852, and devoted himself assiduously to his profession, receiving liberal commissions, and continued encomiums from the press. We are unable to obtain a list of the works executed from the time of his return from Europe and his removal to New-York city. This is to be regretted, as many of those works were pronounced very fine, in public and private circles. He exhibited in the annual exhibitions of the National Academy of Design, in 1854, 1855, 1856, and 1857, receiving a large meed of praise for his exquisite delineation of pastoral life and landscape. During these years his progress was marked, as we learn from many notices of the press which have fallen under our eye. In 1854, a connoisseur, writing from Albany, thus refers to him: "Pictures of native and foreign scenes grace his room, executed in an admirable manner. His studies from nature evince industry and application, and his fancy sketches betray the touch of genius. We venture the prediction, if life and health are spared him, that Mr. Hart's name will be found among the first in the list of our American landscape painters."

In the fall of 1856, Mr. Hart took up his residence in New-York, wisely resolving to compel that recognition of his merits which New-York was proverbially inclined

to withhold from "provincial" laborers. Success has followed him here: like Miss Heron, confident in his capacity, he came and won. His pictures at the late National Academy exhibition attracted proper notice, as all will remember who had the pleasure of visiting that fine exposition of American taste and genius. The press gave the several pictures generous recognition. We may quote from the *Daily Times*: "Here, too, is another new name not likely to be forgotten soon. Mr. James Hart has not misnamed his landscape, No. 65, in calling it a 'Summer Afternoon.' It is a work full of quiet power and sincere feeling, and we are glad to see that it has already found a purchaser. There is nothing conventional in Mr. Hart's treatment of a subject which is a perpetual temptation to conventionalities. His distance is treated with not less of thought than of sentiment; his coloring is simple and skillful; his lights are handled with very remarkable truth, and unaffected effectiveness." This, and the other pictures by the same artist, sold for high prices, while fresh commissions served to show that the interest in the artist, entertained by connoisseurs, was not momentary.

Mr. Hart is now busily engaged upon several compositions of a more ambitious character, perhaps, than any which he has yet wrought. Their sketches betray much power and grace, and we look forward to their working up with no little interest.

The Association is fortunate in being able to announce that Mr. Hart is a contributor to its collection, for this year. He has given us "Afternoon"—a characteristic composition, and a truly admirable picture. Its size is 22 x 32 inches. In the foreground is a cool stream spreading out over the grass, with pond-lilies covering its bosom. To the left is a meadow, upon which cattle are browsing, while others have walked down into the waters to "cool off." To the left stands a rich old hemlock, finely wrought up. It is a perfect study in itself. Back of it is a forest, whose depths are very suggestive of shade and rest. The stream is traced away into the background, and lost in the shades. A range of hills completes the distance, and serves to throw a rich harmony over the whole. The rich verdure, the transparent water, the quietly-feeding cattle, the haze brooding over all, give an air of repose to the whole, which spirits one "away to the woods" in a loving manner.

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RUSKIN ON ECONOMY IN ART.



ON the occasion of his two lectures before the Manchester Athenaeum, on the "Political Economy of Art," Mr. Ruskin gave expression to the fol-

lowing just sentiments regarding extortionate prices for pictures:

"Art should not be made cheap beyond a certain point; because the amount of pleasure to be derived from a great work depended upon the attention and energy given to the understanding of it; and no number of fragments of admiration, as divided between many pictures, would ever be equal to one whole admiration as bestowed upon one great picture, which was thoroughly loved and studied. Still, pictures ought not to be too dear; they ought not to be nearly as dear as they were; for, as things stood, it was almost impossible for a man of moderate means to possess himself of a really first rate work of art."

And again: "One of the principal obstacles to the progress of modern art was the high price given for modern pictures. When once a painter became celebrated there was no limit to the fortune which he made. We should exercise a little self-denial, and refuse to give a high price for paintings. No painter who put his heart into his picture ever considered the money value which it was to produce. Besides, by giving such a high price to the fashionable and celebrated painter, we deprived ourselves of the power of helping the young men who were coming forward. The price of a picture, as matters stood at present, did not, in the least, represent the quantity of labor or value in it; its price represented, for the most part, the degree of desire which the rich people of the country had to possess it. Every farthing which we gave for a picture, beyond its fair price, merely stimulated the vanity of others, and paid for the cultivation of pride. It might be said that by giving a great price we induced the painter to produce a perfect picture; but it was not so. A great work was only executed when the painter was in the humor, and liked his subject."